The troubadour is a singer With a rich, gravelly voice. He likes folk songs and ballads, And occasionally the blues. Some days you may hear him Slip into rock and roll.	drop D (partial) D G A D G D G d A A G D	E A B <sup>7</sup> E A E A e B <sup>7</sup> B <sup>7</sup> A E
The troubadour's a songwriter. His words are earthy and true, With metaphor and imagery And a bit of cultural idiom. He weaves it all together With intriguing melody.	D G A D G D G d A A G D	E A B <sup>7</sup> E A E A e B <sup>7</sup> B <sup>7</sup> A E
The troubadour's a performer. He sings and plays with joy, And likes telling jokes Especially 'bout himself. He relishes playing for people – Has fans throughout the South	D G A D G D G d A A G D	$ \begin{array}{cccc} E & A \\ B^7 & E \\ A & E \\ A & e \\ B^7 & B^7 \\ A & E \end{array} $
But the troubadour's becoming deaf; He's losing his memory too. Arthritis is making inroads Into his talented hands, And sometimes even his voice Escapes his control.	D G A D G D G d A A G D	$ \begin{array}{cccc} E & A \\ B^7 & E \\ A & E \\ A & e \\ B^7 & B^7 \\ A & E \end{array} $
How could any god do this To a simple troubadour – Dull his musical tools; Lessen his musical craft; Stop him sowing happiness; Take away his joy of life?	D G A D G D G d A A G D	$     \begin{array}{ccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$